

The Lomond Press

VOL. 1. NO. 47.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

LOCALETS

Mr. Ford Dodds has severed his connection with the Ford Garage Staff here and has returned to his old position in the Standard Bank here.

Mr. Wm. Switzer has resigned his position with the local Bank and he is now riding the plow for Mr. Benjamin Parker in the Kinnondale district.

Mr. T. L. Halpin of the local Bank staff has completed his relief duties in Lomond and has returned to Calgary.

Lomond's prospect of a new station is one step farther in advance as the construction stakes were set on Tuesday night just south of the present building.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Tulloch motored to Lethbridge a week ago bringing back with them Mr. Tulloch's brother and wife and niece for a couple of weeks holidays.

We wish the C. P. R. would instruct the section men to throw a few shovels of gravel round the various crossings. These sudden drops of from eight to eighteen inches gets wearing on the nerves, to say nothing of wagon axles and auto springs.

A great majority of the population of Lomond and district migrated to Vulcan for the great circus. So far as we are aware none of them followed the elephants off.

A new time-table coming into effect last Sunday starts the train away from Lomond at 7:30 in the morning instead of eight o'clock as formerly. We can't see that it makes any difference in the time of arrival.

The weather-man favored Southern Alberta with a few welcome showers this week. The sun and dry winds were playing hard with some of the lighter crops, but the summerfallow and had not shown any signs of damage. A good sower would be appreciated, nevertheless we are getting along nicely with prospect of a bountiful and early harvest.

C. F. Armstrong, manager of the Medicine Hat branch of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, died last week in Vancouver. Mr. Armstrong was quite generally known throughout the southern part of the province as he supervised the operation of the company's elevator system as well.

Wheat is bringing \$2.00 per bushell in the street in Lomond today.

Several people have reported harvesting garden truck for their own table.

Delaney & Armstrong are setting up car load of haying machinery for his season of long grass.

H. E. Elves has secured the services of Miss Evers, of Kinnondale, as assistant in his real estate and brokerage office.

Lomond Fair

The executive of the Lomond Agricultural Society are busy at work towards putting of the fair this year. The prize list is in the hands of the printers and will be issued in a week or ten days. A bee is being held tomorrow to fix up the grounds, fence the place in and build a race track and ball diamond. The necessary buildings will be erected right away.

Everyone who can should make an effort towards helping with the work on the grounds and securing a large membership.

Fatal Accident

A sad accident with fatal termination happened at Bow City on Tuesday evening when the little two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Herrick was killed instantly by a falling pole. Mr. Herrick was butchering a hog and while hanging the carcass on a pole suspended across the roof of a building the fastening of the pole gave way. The weight of the carcass brought the pole over with a tremendous leverage, striking the unfortunate child on the head, smashing the skull and causing instant death.

Interment was made in the Lomond cemetery on Thursday afternoon, Rev. W. W. Saunders conducting the service.

The sorrowing parents have the sympathy of the community in their hours of bereavement.

Principal Lowe presided over sixteen candidates at the recent entrance, ninth and tenth grade examinations. The eight grade candidates were, Mildred Graham, Cristine Buhlinger, Winnifred Hawkes, Laura Hendricks, Carrie Robillard, Mildred Edenloff, Cameron McIntosh, Ernest Klug, Horace and Fred Steeves and Clarence Barkey; the ninth grade were Bertha Chambers and Agatha McAllister of Badger Lake; the tenth grade were Lulu Foisia and Bertha Johnson. Mr. Lowe has gone to Edmonton to act on the provincial examining board and from there will take a course in the annual summer school.

Mrs. Butler, of Lethbridge, is spending a few weeks in Lomond as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. G. B. Tibert.

A bunch of the sporting faculty went to Champion on Monday to witness a game in which Travers won from Champion boys. Travers has great hopes in their present pitching staff and is making grave boast as to what will happen to Lomond when the game is called.

Abe Parker took a motor to Vulcan today, bringing back Mrs. Parker and friend, Miss Willow. Mr. and Mrs. Parker will leave in a day or two by motor to take in the Calgary fair.

W. A. Teskey is levelling off his lot preparatory to building a seventy-five foot extension to his garage.

BASE BALL

While the boys met with all kinds of hard luck away from home they have been retrieving themselves on the home diamond and again demonstrated their ability to play winning ball when they met the Champion team here on Thursday afternoon. At the first out-set Champion's grinning pitcher thought he had all his own way. His team had made two scores and he had two Lomond men fanned at the third innings. Veteran Chapman came to and sent a whizzer towards said pitcher and brought in a few scores. From this on the game went in favor of the home boys, much to the chagrin of the Champion backers and rooters. Wigg pitched for the home team. The lineup was as follows: Lewis, catcher; Wigg, pitcher; Gallagher, first; Reside second; Watkins, third; Connolly, short; Titus, Chapman and Thompson in the field.

The boys are trying hard to get a base ball tournament here on July 19th.

ROAD WORK

The road gang working south of town has been handicapped to quite an extent on account of the shortage of teams, but have made good progress nevertheless, with the result that the road will shortly be passable with hardly a grade at all.

Celebration at Kinnondale

The third annual celebration at Kinnondale will be held on Thursday next, July 5th. A big time is being planned with base ball as one of the enticing features. The Lomond team is expected to play.

At night there will be a dance in the Kinnondale hall with the Grote and Layzell orchestra, of Enchant providing the music.

Egg Day

The ladies of the Red Cross Society wish in the name of the convalescent soldiers at the Red Cross Military Hospital, Ogden, Calgary, to thank all those who donated eggs that were sent June 29th., 90 dozen being shipped.

All of Travers enjoyed the ball game at Champion on Monday after six. It was a good close game. Although Travers bringing home the honors and some money. Champion are good betters just the same and the game was only won by one score. We expect a return game at an early date.

A number attended the circus at Vulcan on Wednesday and report the elephants still growing.

Mr. Hastings, contractor moved temporarily to Badger Lake doing some extensive building for Mr. Haley.

TRAVERS

Harry Whitting with his Dodge car, collided with another car on Thursday evening, smashing up the Chevrolet, but injuring no one.

Mr. Todd Hunter left Wednesday for Elko for a few days, and then to Calgary fair, returning by Medicine Hat for the Stampede, in all taking about a three week's trip.

Mrs. Gerald Elliott has been quite sick the past week. Dr. Walkey is in attendance and the patient is doing quite nicely.

Two car loads went to Carmangay to see a good ball game on Wednesday, Stavelly beating Carmangay by a score of two.

The Hamm brothers had a nice surprise last Sunday, when two of their brothers from Bow Island motored in for a week stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy McCann entertained at Sunday dinner, Miss Hazel Greenman, Mr. Steele, Lawyer-Russell, and Miss Clark, public school teacher, all from Carmangay. They expressed it as a delightful motor trip.

Mr. Dosse, of Lethbridge, travelling auditor of the Pioneer Lumber Co., has been in town for a few days on business.

Mrs. Woomey, wife of the harness maker, was called by telephone to Granum, by the serious condition of her mother having a stroke.

Mr. H. Ulrick left Wednesday for Calgary Fair. They intend staying several days. Little Gladys stayed at home with Grandma Whitting.

A large number intend going to Vulcan Monday for the game, and leave from there to Calgary Fair next week.

It is expected Travers will turn out in large numbers this afternoon to witness the game between Champion and Lomond. Can't tell which side they will be rooting for, but they can't keep still.

Miss Hamm will return on Saturday with her brothers to Bow Island and visit with her parents for a few days.

Mr. Stacy, of Lethbridge, president of the Stacy Lumber Company was in Travers looking after interests and took dinner with Earl Jones on Saturday.

Mrs. G. Hamm finishes an instructive term of school today in Sweet Valley district. She has signed up for the Fall Term ending the last of December which all the parents are glad to know. Miss Hamm will spend her vacation taking in the Fair, Stampede and a visit in North Dakota with her sister residing near a Summer Resort with plenty of recreation.

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, JUNE 29, 1917

Conscription

The conscription bill is creating a good deal of debate in Ottawa, but in spite of this, the bill is expected to pass the house next week. A number of prominent liberals are breaking from Sir Wilfrid's ranks to support the immediate enforcement of the act. It is regrettable that Quebec should bring up this misguided controversy at such an inopportune moment.

To Develop Timber Limit

The Grain Growers' Grain Company have planned to build a lumber mill, costing practically \$150,000, up on a timber limit sixty miles east of Fort George, B. C., on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. The company has owned the timber limit since 1913, but up to the present has taken no active steps toward utilizing it. The company has been conducting a lumber business, however, for several years. This year the grain growers plan to mill and manufacture their own lumber and supply the farmers direct. The new mill, plans for which are now completed will have capacity of twenty million feet of lumber a year.

Canadian Pacific

Edmonton Exhibition

July 9th. to 14th.

SINGLE FARE

for the round trip

TO EDMONTON

from all stations in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Tickets on Sale July 9th. to 14th.
Return Limit July 16th., 1917.

For further information apply to any
C. P. R. Ticket Agent, or write—

R. DAWSON,
District Passenger Agent,
Calgary.

Farmers require printed stationery.
Get it from the Lomond Press.

Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

HERBERT J. MABER

SOLICITOR AND
BARRISTER

VULCAN ALBERTA

Swat The High Cost of Living and DEAL at PARKERS

THE GOODS ARE HERE FOR YOUR INSPECTION, YOU GET THEM THE DAY YOU ORDER THEM AND WE ARE HERE TO MAKE GOOD ANYTHING THAT DOES NOT GIVE SATISFACTION. COME IN AND SEE US.

The Pioneer Store

A. PARKER, Prop.

Delaney & Armstrong

Livery, Feed and Sale Barn.
Dray and Transfer in Connection.
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of
High Grade Farm Machinery

Blacksmith Coal

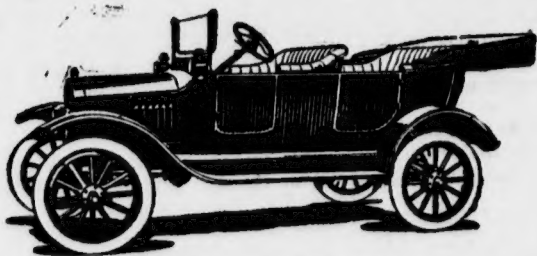
To supply the great demand for Blacksmith Coal among the farmers, we have shipped in a car load. Get your supply while it lasts.

Binders

There was a great shortage last year and many orders were badly delayed. Early ordering this year will relieve you of all this worry.

FULL LINE I.H.C. FARM MACHINERY
IMPERIAL OIL CO'S. FUEL OILS, GREASES, ETC.
"BULL DOG" FANNING MILLS
DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

Smith & Moran



"MADE IN CANADA"

The 1917 Ford Touring Car
\$555.00

At my Garage in Lomond.

Dollars and Cents

Buying a Ford car is a matter of dollars and cents to the purchaser.

In the first place the initial cost is a matter of economy when compared with other cars.

Then the cost of operation is low--this is an "ask a man who owns one" argument.

Compared with a team and carriage, the Ford comes away ahead in efficiency and economy. In these busy days a man cannot afford to spend much time travelling on the road. The Ford solves the problem for the farmer, the business man and everyone who requires a car.

W. A. TESKEY LOMOND.

Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS
AND
ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE

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PROLOGUE

"Inside the Lines" first appeared as a stirring war drama of today, the best of its kind since "Secret Service." Its author, Earl Derr Biggers, is known to fame as the author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate." His later play has been novelized by Robert Wells Ritchie, and the story opens at the outset of the present great war drama in Europe. Caught by the swirl of events, a lovely American girl is detained in Europe and becomes innately enmeshed in the machinations of spies and of the secret service of two contending nations. Every chapter is replete with mystery and incident, skillfully woven threads that blend to a surprising climax.

CHAPTER I.

Jane Gerson, Buyer.

IHAD two trunks—two, you know! Two! Ou est l'autre?"

The grinning customs guard lifted his shoulders to his ears and spread out his palms. "Mais, mamselle!"

"Don't you 'mais' me, sir! I had two trunks—deux trunks—when I got aboard that wabbly old boat at Dover this morning, and I'm not going to budge from this wharf until I find the other one. Where did you learn your French, anyway? Can't you understand when I speak your language?"

The girl plumped herself down on top of the unheaped trunk and folded her arms truculently. With a quizzical smile the customs guard looked down into her brown eyes, smoldering dangerously now, and began all over again his speech of explanation.

"Wagon-lit?" She caught a familiar word. "Mais oui; that's where I want to go—aboard your wagon-lit, for Paris. Volla!" The girl carefully gave the word three syllables. "Mon ticket pour Paris?" She opened her patent leather reticule, rummaged furiously there-

in, brought out a handkerchief, a tiny mirror, a packet of rice papers and at last a folded and punched ticket. This she displayed with a triumphant flourish.

"Voilà! Il dit 'Miss Jane Gerson'—that's me—moi-meme, I mean. And il dit 'deux trunks.' Now, you can't go behind that, can you? Where is that other trunk?"

"Pardon, but if I may be of any assistance—"

Miss Gerson turned. A tallish man in a gray lounge suit stood heels together and bent stiffly in a bow, nothing of the beau or the boulevardier about his face or manner. Miss Gerson accepted his intervention as heaven sent.

"Oh, thank you ever so much! The guard, you see, doesn't understand good French. I just can't make him understand that one of my trunks is missing and the train for Paris!"



"The guard, you see, does not understand good French."

already the stranger was rattling incisive French at the guard. That official bowed low and, with hands and lips, gave rapid explanation. The man in the gray lounge suit turned to the girl.

"A little misunderstanding, Miss—"

"Gerson—Jane Gerson of New York," she promptly supplied.

"A little misunderstanding, Miss Gerson. The customs guard says your other trunk has already been examined, passed and placed on the baggage van. He was trying to tell you that it would be necessary for you to permit a porter to take this trunk to the train before time for starting. With your permission?"

The stranger turned and ballooned to a porter, who came running. Miss Gerson had the trunk locked and strapped in no time, and it was on the shoulders of the porter.

"You have very little time, Miss Gerson. The train will be making a start directly. If I might—ah—pilot you through the station to the proper train shed. I am not presuming?"

"You are very kind," she answered hurriedly.

They set off, the providential Samaritan in the lead. Through the waiting room and on to a broad platform, almost deserted, they went. A guard's whistle shrilled. The stranger tucked a helping hand under Jane Gerson's arms to steady her in the sharp sprint down a long aisle between tracks to where the Paris train stood. It began to move before they had reached its midlength. A guard threw open a carriage door, in they hopped, and with a rattle of chains and banging of buffers the Express du Nord was off on its arrow flight from Calais to the capital.

The carriage, which was of the second class, was comfortably filled. Miss Gerson stumbled over the feet of a puffy Fleming nearest the door, was launched into the lap of a comfortably upholstered widow on the opposite seat, ricocheted back to jam an elbow into a French gentleman's spread newspaper and finally was catapulted into a vacant space next to the window on the carriage's far side. She giggled, tucked the skirts of her pearl gray duster about her, righted the chic sailor hat on her chestnut brown head and patted a stray wisp of hair back into place. Her meteor flight into and through the carriage disturbed her not a whit.

As for the Samaritan, he stood uncertainly in the narrow cross aisle,

swaying to the swing of the carriage and reconnoitering seating possibilities. There was a place, a very narrow one, next to the fat Fleming; also there was a vacant place next to Jane Gerson. The Samaritan caught the girl's glance in his indecision, read in it something frankly comradely and chose the seat beside her.

"Very good of you, I'm sure," he murmured. "I did not wish to presume."

"You're not," the girl assured, and there was something so fresh, so ingenuous, in the tone and the level glance of her brown eyes that the Samaritan felt all at once distinctly satisfied with the cast of fortune that had thrown him in the way of a distressed traveler. He sat down with a lifting of the checkered alpine hat he wore and a stiff little bow from the waist.

"If I may, Miss Gerson—I am Captain Woodhouse of the signal service."

"Oh!" The girl let slip a little gasp, the meed of admiration the feminine heart always pays to shoulder straps. "Signal service; that means the army?"

"His majesty's service, yes, Miss Gerson."

"You are, of course, off duty?" she suggested, with the faintest possible tinge of regret at the absence of the stripes and buttons that spell "soldier" with the woman.

"You might say so, Miss Gerson. Egypt—the Nile country—is my station. I am on my way back there after a bit of a vacation at home—London I mean, of course."

She stole a quick side glance at the face of her companion. A soldier's face it was, lean and school hardened and competent. Lines about the eyes and mouth—the stamp of the sun and the imprint of the habit to command—had taken from Captain Woodhouse's features something of freshness and youth, though giving in return the index of inflexible will and lust for achievement. His smooth lips were a bit thin, Jane Gerson thought, and the outshooting chin, almost squared at the angles, marked Captain Woodhouse as anything but a trifle or a flirt. She was satisfied that nothing of presumption or forwardness on the part of this hard molded chap from Egypt would give her cause to regret her unconventional offer of friendship.

Captain Woodhouse in his turn had made a satisfying, though covert, appraisal of his traveling companion by means of a narrow mirror inset above the baggage rack over the opposite seat. Trim and petite of figure, which was just a shade under the average for height and plumpness; a small head set sturdily on a round, smooth neck; face the very embodiment of independence and self confidence, with its brown eyes wide apart, its high brow under the parting waves of golden chestnut,

broad, humorous mouth and tiny nose slightly nibbled upward. Miss Up to the Minute New York, indeed! From the cocked red feather in her hat to the dainty spatted boots Jane Gerson appeared in Woodhouse's eyes a perfect, virile, vividly alive American girl. He'd met her kind before; had seen them browbeating bazaar merchants in Cairo and riding desert donkeys like strong young queens. The type appealed to him.

The first stiffness of informal meeting wore away speedily. The girl tactfully directed the channel of conversation into lines familiar to Woodhouse. What was Egypt like? Who owned the pyramids, and why didn't the owners plant a park around them and charge admittance? Didn't he think Rameses and all those other old pharaohs had the right idea in advertising—putting up stone billboards to last all time? The questions came crisp and startling; Woodhouse found himself chuckling at the shrewd incisiveness of them. Rameses an advertiser and the pyramids stone boardings to carry all those old boys' fame through the ages! He'd never looked on them in that light before.

"I say, Miss Gerson, you make an excellent business person, now, really," the captain voiced his admiration.

"Just cable that at my expense to old Pop Hildebrand, of Hildebrand's department store, New York," she flashed back at him. "I'm trying to convince him of just that very thing."

"Really, now—a department shop! What, may I ask, do you have to do for—ah—Pop Hildebrand?"

"Oh, I'm his foreign buyer," Jane answered, with a conscious note of pride. "I'm over here to buy gowns for the winter season, you see."

"And this Hildebrand, he sends you over here alone just to buy pretties for New York's wonderful women? Aren't you just a bit—ah—nervous to be over in this part of the world—alone?"

"Not in the least," the girl caught him up. "Not about the alone part, I should say. Maybe I'm fidgety and sort of, worried about making good on the job. This is my first trip—my very first as a buyer for Hildebrand. And, of course, if I should fall down—"

"Fall down?" Woodhouse echoed, mystified. The girl laughed and struck her left wrist a smart blow with her gloved right hand.

"There I go again—slang; 'vulgar American slang,' you'll call it. If I could only rattle off the French as easily as I do New Yorkese I'd be a wonder. I mean I'm afraid I won't make good."

"Oh!"

"But why should I worry about coming over alone?" Jane urged. "Lots of American girls come over here alone with an American flag pinned to their shirt waists and wearing a Baedeker for a wrist watch. Nothing ever happens to them."

Captain Woodhouse looked out on the flying panorama of straw thatched houses and fields heavy with green grain. He seemed to be balancing words. He glanced at the passenger across the aisle, a wizened little man, asleep. In a lowered voice he began:

"A woman alone—over here on the continent at this time! Why, I very much fear she will have great difficulties when the—ah—trouble comes."

"Trouble?" Jane's eyes were questioning.

"I do not wish to be an alarmist, Miss Gerson," Captain Woodhouse continued, hesitant. "Goodness knows we've had enough calamity shouters among the Unionists at home. But have you considered what you would do—how you would get back to America in case of—war?" The last word was almost a whisper.

"War?" she echoed. "Why, you don't mean all this talk in the papers is—"

"Is serious, yes," Woodhouse answered quietly; "very serious."

"Why, Captain Woodhouse, I thought you had war talk every summer over here. Just as our papers are filled each spring with gossip about how Wagner is going to retire from the game or the Yanks are going to be sold. It's your regular midsummer outdoor sport over here this stirring up the animals."

Woodhouse smiled, though his gray eyes were filled with something not mirth.

"I fear the animals are—stirred, as you say, too far this time," he resumed. "The assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand—"

"Yes, I remember I did read something about that in the papers at home. But archdukes and kings have been killed before and no war came of it. In Mexico they murder a president before he has a chance to send out 'At home' cards."

"Europe is so different from Mexico," her companion continued, the lines of his face deepening. "I am afraid you over in the states do not know the dangerous politics here; you are so far away; you should thank God for that. You are not in a land where one man—or two or three—may say, 'We will now go to war,' and then you go, willy nilly."

The seriousness of the captain's speech and the fear that he could not

keep from his eyes sovered the sun. She looked out on the sun drenched plains of Pas de Calais, where toy villages, hedged fields and squat farm-houses lay all in order, established, seeming for all time in the comfortable doze of security. The plodding man-kins in the fields, the slumberous oxen drawing the barrows, amid the beet rows, pigeons circling over the straw hatches by the tracks' sides—all this denied the possibility of war's corrosion.

"Don't you think everybody is suffering from a bad dream when they say there's to be fighting?" she queried. "Surely it is impossible that folks over here would all consent to destroy this." She waved toward the peaceful countryside.

"A bad dream, yes. But one that will end in a nightmare," he answered. "Tell me, Miss Gerson, when will you be through with your work in Paris and on your way back to America?"

"Not for a month, that's sure. Maybe I'll be longer if I like the place."

Woodhouse pondered.

"A month. This is the 10th of July. I am afraid—I say, Miss Gerson, please do not set me down for a meddler—this short acquaintance and all that—but may I not urge on you that you finish your work in Paris and get back to England at least in two weeks?" The captain had turned and was looking into the girl's eyes with an earnest intensity that startled her. "I cannot tell you all I know, of course. I may not even know the truth, though I think I have a bit of it, right enough. But one of your sort—to be caught alone on this side of the water by the madness that is brewing! By George, I do not like to think of it!"

"I thank you, Captain Woodhouse, for your warning," Jane answered him, and impulsively she put out her hand to his. "But, you see, I'll have to run the risk. I couldn't go scampering back to New York like a scared pussy cat just because somebody starts a war."



"I thank you, Captain Woodhouse, for your warning."

over here. I'm on trial. This is my first trip as buyer for Hildebrand, and it's a case of make or break with me. War or no war, I've got to make good. Anyway—this with a toss of her round little chin—"I'm an American citizen, and nobody'll dare to start anything with me."

"Right you are," Woodhouse beamed his admiration. "Now we'll talk about those skyscrapers of yours. Everybody back from the States has something to say about those famous buildings, and I'm fairly burning for first hand information from one who knows them."

Laughingly she acquiesced, and the grim shadow of war was pushed away from them, though hardly forgotten by either.

So the afternoon sped, and when the sun dropped over the maze of spires and chimney pots that was Paris each felt regret at parting.

"To Egypt, yes," Woodhouse ruefully admitted. "A dreary deadly place in the sun for me. To have met you, Miss Gerson, it has been delightful, quite."

"I hope," the girl said as Woodhouse handed her into a taxi—"I hope that if that war comes it will find you still in Egypt, far away from the firing line."

"Not a fair thing to wish for a man in the service," Woodhouse answered, laughing. "I may be more happy when I say my best wish for you is that when the war comes it will find you a long way from Paris. Goodby, Miss Gerson, and good luck."

Captain Woodhouse stood, heels together and hat in hand, while her taxi trundled off, a farewell flash of brown eyes rewarding him for the military correctness of his courtesy. Then he hurried to another station to take a train not for a Mediterranean port and distant Egypt, but for Berlin.

For the Nearsighted.

A paragraph for the nearsighted. One of the most competent English experts in ophthalmology calls attention to the fact that those nearsighted persons who take off their glasses to read or to do any near work thereby increase the convexity of the eye lens, which is the cause of nearsightedness, and thus gradually create a need for glasses of greater power. He advises them to wear their glasses all the time and to use them both for near and for distant work.

The Camel's Bite.

The camel alone of all ruminants has incisor teeth in the upper jaw, which, with the peculiar structure of his other teeth, make his bite, the animal's first and main defense, most formidable. The skeleton of the camel is full of proofs of design. Notice, for example, the arched backbone, constructed in such a way as to sustain the greatest weight in proportion to the span of the supports. A strong camel can bear a thousand pounds weight, although the usual load in Yemen is not more than 600 pounds.

Iberian Laziness.

If the Spaniards may be regarded as indolent as a race the accusation might be leveled against their neighbors, the Portuguese, with greater justice. Galicia has supplied Portugal with labor for centuries, and the wily little Galegos are figuratively the bees in the Portuguese hive. Southey tells a story of an Englishman at Oporto who asked his servant to carry a box.

"I am a Portuguese, not a beast!" exclaimed the offended native, who walked a mile to find a Galego to carry the burden.

What's In a Name?

A large steamer was once wrecked because one of the sailors was named West. The vessel was outward bound from Rotterdam, and the sailor was on deck polishing some brasswork. Suddenly the captain called him and told him to go below. The second officer on the bridge heard the captain call out the man's name and thought it was an order to change the course of the vessel to west. He did so, and the result was that the ship ran on to a dangerous shoal. That name cost the owners of the vessel the sum of \$500,000.

Quicksand.

Quicksand differs from beach and other sand in that the individual grains have become worn by water or wind until the normal facets and angles have been abraded and each grain has become more or less spherical. The coefficient of friction is thus reduced to the minimum and the bed does not pack when dry and when wet behaves like a fluid. The depth of quicksand is conditioned by the depth of the hardpan or other compact material upon which the sand rests.

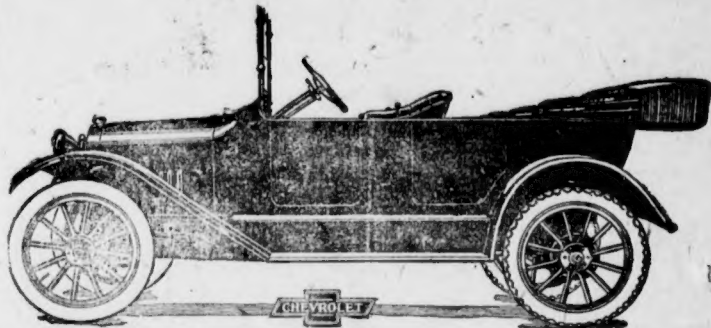


ASSOCIATED FARMERS
Limited
Lomond, Alberta

We Sell
J. I. CASE
Oil, Gas and
Steam
Engines, and
Threshing Machines

SMITH & MORAN
LOMOND

Press Want Ads Bring Results



New Shipment of "Chevrolets"

We owe our customers an apology for keeping them waiting on cars, but the demand for Chevrolets has been so great the factory could not begin to keep up with it. But the cars are here now and this is the final shipment at the old price. Future shipments will be \$60.00 higher, and the Chevrolet will always give you full value for your money.

SEE THE NEW "DODGE"

Now on Display

A Couple of Good Second Hand Cars for Sale.

Auto Livery - Expert Repairing

LOMOND-VULCAN STAGE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Gas, Oils, Tires and Accessories.

J. A. BOWERS

... Central Garage ...

LOMOND, -:- ALBERTA

Willie—"Pop, what are ancestors?"
 Father—"Well, I'm one of yours, and your grandad is another."
 Willie—"Oh, but why is it that folks are about them?"

Tenders Wanted

Tenders will be received up to 12 o'clock noon of July 14th., for the conveying of school children to the Lomond Consolidated School District No. 20 from the Ocean Wave District, the Rolling Prairie District, the Dufferin District and the Deep Water District, each district to be tendered for separately, routes to start with the opening of school in September and to run for the school year, or until June, 1918.

Tenders will also be received for the painting of these school houses, shed and out buildings, two coats, white with green trimmings.

V. Davies,
 Secretary,
 Lomond.

Canadian Pacific

DOMINION DAY

July 2nd.

Fare and One Third for the round trip between all stations.

Tickets on Sale June 29th to July 2nd.

RETURN LIMIT JULY 4th 1917.

Tickets and full information from any C. P. R. Agent, or write—

R. DAWSON,
 District Passenger Agent,
 Calgary.

Mckee & Cant

Contractors and Builders
 Lomond, Alberta

Let us figure on that house or barn you are going to build. Prices moderate and first-class work is Guaranteed.

You Tractor Men

Buy Your Gasolene and Kerosene from

W. A. Teskey
 Lomond

Lomond District

Our new Standard Bank building is being rushed ahead to completion.

Mr. and Mrs. Naiesmith the noted blacksmith of Travers were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott and the latter's sister Miss Katie Reding.

Miss Barnett returned on Friday to her home in Lethbridge after an enjoyable visit with her aunt Mrs. Tulloch.

Thursday's rain was welcomed by the farmers in the district as the grain was beginning to suffer from the want of moisture.

Bob Plunkett is soon to commence building his new house on his own place. He expects his brother to come to work his farm.

Mrs. Stark is soon to take up her abode in her new house in town.

Mr. W. Ainlay is plastering Mr. Booth's new house.

H. Smith has an outfit consisting of a case engine and three plows ripping the sod on Bob Thompson's pre-emption.

A Novel Idea

Shortly after a new administration took over a well known western railway a great number of claims were preferred against the company on account of horses and cattle being killed along the line in Texas. Not only that, but it appeared that every animal killed invariably figured in the claims presented

as being of the best blood in Texas.

The claims finally became so numerous and the majority so unreasonable, that one day the president of the road became much excited while discussing the situation with one of the road's attorneys.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, bringing down his fist on the desk by way of emphasis, "I have reached the conclusion that nothing in Texas so improves live stock as crossing it with a locomotive."

DON'T WORRY

... GET THE BEST ...

If your growing crops are insured in any one of the following Hail Insurance companies, you need not worry about hail-storms.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN
 THE HARTFORD

THE BRITISH CROWN
 THE HOME

There is real comfort in having a policy in one of these. Ask the man who had one last year.

H. E. ELVES, Agent

New Goods This Week Rain Coats for all.

A good selection of sport shirts for men.

We take great pleasure in showing you these goods whether you buy or not.

"Art" and "Fit-Reform" Tailored Clothes for Men.

Marshall & Wilson

"THE STORE of QUALITY"

Lomond, Alberta

The H. & H Feed and Sales Stables

When in Lomond
leave your team at
the Farmers Feed
Barn.

BOW CITY COAL AND
TIMOTHY HAY FOR
SALE

Holo & Hedges
Lomond, Alberta

Commercial Cafe

Good Meals Served at all
Hours. Regular hours
on Sunday

First Class Meals Served
at 45 cents

C. DOUGHTY
Lomond, Alta

Lomond Fair

August
6 & 7

Australian Crop

Pessimism regarding the food outlook for the allies was relieved somewhat by the announcement that the Australian wheat crop will meet the home demand and will permit the export of 6,000,000 tons.

News of the bad crop outlook in the United States was followed recently by the admission of the food authorities that the British crop, despite efforts to increase it, would be less than last year's which was less than that of 1915. This is the result partly of lack of labor, partly of the hard winter and of the late, cold spring.

England opened the week realizing that a food crisis was approaching, and admonished by the highest authorities to eat less and not to grumble if forced to pay more. Last week witnessed an all-round increase in prices, and the present week will see further general advances.

Sheep brought as high as \$38 each last week, four times as high as in normal times, and the price is still rising. Potatoes reached \$7 a bushel, but such a quantity as a bushel cannot be obtained, and the price is much higher by the pound. Public indignation against food speculators is rising to a high pitch.

FOR SALE

Two lots on Centre Street, Lomond, with 4-roomed house. Apply at Lomond Press.

FOR SALE

Victor Victrola, full cabnet, used two years. Records included. Owner going away must sell. Inquire Hastings, Traverser

Canadian Pacific

CALGARY EXHIBITION

June 28th. to July 5th.

SINGLE FARE

for the round trip

TO CALGARY

from all stations in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Tickets on Sale June 27th. to July 5.
Return Limit July 7th.. 1917.

For further information apply to any C. P. R. Ticket Agent, or write

R. DAWSON,
District Passenger Agent,
Calgary.



EST'D 1873

THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Your surplus earnings in our
Savings Department earn inter-
est at current rate.

LOMOND BRANCH

L. M. SWAIN

Manager.

Phillips & Munro

121

Everything in Hardware. Oils, Paints,
and Glasses. Hot air, hot water
and Steam Heating.

HUGHES' DRUG STORE

For Reliable Service

We carry a big range of Veterinary Remedies and Poultry Foods. Get your Water Glass now for preserving eggs. Choice CHOCOLATES, fine STATIONERY, BASE BALL SUPPLIES. Agent for KODAKS and SUPPLIES; COLUMBIA GRAFONOLAS and RECORDS. Your Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully filled.

R. H. Hughes

Successor to R. R. Saunders
CHEMIST - DRUGGIST

The modern farm requires expensive buildings. In a few years these rapidly deteriorate unless protected by good paint.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS AND VARNISHES FOR FARM USE

No farm owner can afford to leave his farm buildings unpainted. When new they appear to stand the weather alright, but surely and gradually the lumber begins to crack and check, decay starts, and before you realize it you have a leaky, draughty barn, and expensive repairs are necessary.

The regular use of paint means a small outlay occasionally, but it keeps your buildings as good as new.

S-W Barn Red is a special paint for painting farm buildings. It is economical in price and it gives good service. It is one of the full line of Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes which we carry in stock.

Associated Farmers

... Limited ...
Lomond, Alberta

